

78)
A New-Years-Gift

To the Honourable

Admiral Ruffel,

On his *Glorious Victory* over the *French Fleet*:

Long did the Languishing *Brittania* grown
Beneath *French* Power on the *English* Throne !
French Councils, *French* Debauch'ry rul'd the Rost,
And gen'rous *English* Courage quite was lost.
Blake, *Deane*, and *Lawson*, whose each single Name,
Without an *Epithet*, swells the *Cheeks of Fame* ;
England's brave Hero's, who disdain'd to Bear
The *Romish* Yoak, or *Gallie* Fetters wear ;
Who all the *Naval* Power of *Europe* Sway'd,
And sturdy *Algerines* their Laws obey'd :
Loaden with glory, *These* their Lives resign,
And their lov'd Names in *Fames* bright Annals shine.
Great *Rupert*, and brave *Monk* a while Support
The *English* Valour, since made *Europes* sport,

With these fell th' Honour of our *English* Fleet,
Degenerate Souls *Degenerous* acts commit !
Soft *Dalliance* now *Emafculates* the Land,
Old Captains laid aside, and *Boys* Command ;
For *Balls* and *Masquerades* highly renown'd,
And *Tilting* Beedles in their *Midnight-round* ;
Effeminate Courts *Effeminate* Youths employ,
These keep not up our glory, but destroy.
An *English* King Mannag'd by *Bourillion*,
Is a fit Tool t'advance the *Gallie* Throne !

A

Thus

Thus *We* who gave the boundless Ocean Law,
 And our Confederate Neighbours kept in *Awe*,
Scorn'd and despis'd like *Abjects*, were become
Slaves to the *French*, and *Proselites* to *Rome*.

At length Great *Brittains* better Genius saw,
 The heavy Yoak her Sons were forc't to draw,
 And with *Compassion* touch'd the *Generous Nassaw*.
Nassaw the Darling of Heav'n's kinder Powers,
 Our *Native Freedom* to our *Isle* Restores;
 Like the *First Kings* or Chiefs, with *Courage* stout,
 He to the Battel leads his *Captains* out,
 In hottest Actions *Foremost* he appears,
 Nor shuns the *Combat* check'd by *Guilty Fears*,
 His *Martial* Heat th' Old *English* *Courage* warms,
 Rais'd, and *Revives* the Credit of her *Arms*:
 From *Rav'nous Lewis* he a *Kingdom* tore,
 Forc'd him his *Boasted Ireland* to Restore, (Shoar, }
 And drove his baffled Troops home to their slavish }
 With winged Force pursues him on the Main,
 And checks the Progress of his *Grand Campaign*;
 Whilst shifting *Luxemburgh* in Entrenchments hides
 His sneaking Troops, and *Fastnesses* provides:
 His vaunting Squadrons dares not ours engage,
 But dread the shock of Conq'ring *Nassaw's* Rage;
 The Battel of the glorious Field they shun,
 And avoiding Fighting, may be said to *Run*.

Brave *England's* King, who knows not to b' affraid,
 Hath all the *Daring* Stratagems essay'd,
 But all in vain, since the *Inglorious French*,
 Fearful of Vengeance, meanly do Entrench.



Honour

Honour and *Arms* Great *Orange* Nobly Courts;
Lewis to Treacherous *Poisonings* Resorts;
 Conscious, when those his hellish *Arts* shall fail,
 He ne're can by his *Guilty Arms* prevail.

On the *French* Conquests now our Monarch stands,
 And makes them Tributary to our Bands,
 With *English* Troops *Dunkirk* in Pound he keeps,
 And betwixt *Lewis* and his *Dunkirk* sleeps;
Dunkirk that's lodg'd in *Lewis's* panting Breast,
 As of her *Callais Mary* once exprest :
Dunkirk before, by *English* Valour ta'ne,
 And for *French* Pistols basely Sold again :
 Great *William's* Sword must now the Knot untie,
 And regain by *Arms* what *France* with *Gold* did buy:

Whilst our great King, on Land, such *Glories* meet,
 To *You* he leaves the Conduct of his *Fleet*;
You who have laid fresh *Lawrels* at his Feet. }
Russel before *England's* Respects might Claim
 For a *Champion*, and a *Martyr* of that Name,
 You more a Debtor have your Country made,
 And rais'd that *Fund* of *Honour* they had laid.
 True to the Trust the *Royal Pair* Repos'd,
 Their Interest and their Kingdoms *You* espous'd.

The first Years Expedition spent in vain,
 Hunting for *Tourvill* on the Foaming Main ;
 That blustering Monsieur, who the Year before
 Show'd his great *French Armada* on our Shoare, }
 Burning five *Fisher-Boats*, durst attempt no more.
 At Land, and Sea the *French* like Courage show,
 With equal Force they dare not see their *Foe*.

The *English* Navy o're the Ocean Rides;
 Proud of that glorious Burthen on her Tides.
 With Indignation scowres the Channel Round;
 But neither *Tourvil* nor his *Fleet* were found;
 Our eager Youth near mad with Martial Rage,
 Hunting a Foe they could not come t' engage;
 Perplexed, and Raving, scarcely they forbear,
 With violent Hands their very flesh to tear.
 Mean while our *Heroe* with great pain suppress
 The burning *Indignation* in his Breast,
 He forc't his swelling *Passion* to obey,
 And for the next *fit time* for Vengeance stay.
 Kind Heav'n agreed, and with a wisht for gale
 Upon our *Fleet* this year drove fifty Sail,
 Their warm Reception quickly made them know,
 They now in earnest met a generous Foe,
 Would try their Courage e're they'd let 'em go.
 With pompous Rage the *Admirals Admirals* meet;
 Ours glad they'd found at last, the *Gallie* Fleet,
 And whatsoe're detracting French-men say,
 But *Forty* of our Ships could come in play;
 Th' unequal Odds our *Captains* scorn to shun,
 The *Lesser* Number *Greater* Glory won.
 With Peals of Joy our Men the Welkin tear,
 And with *presaging* Huzza's cleave the Aire,
Glorie's their aim, and that they close pursue,
 With warmth the *French* were unaccustom'd too.
 Stout *Carter* who too early lost a Thigh,
 With his last Breath did still the Foe defie;

He saw himself *Revenge'd* e're he expir'd,
And to the bed of *Glory* strait retir'd.

Through gusts of Thunder bright *Brittania's* hurld
To find the *Mistress* of the *War'ry World*,
She whom vain-glorious *Lewis* built to sway
The *Ocean*, as the *Land*, must him obey;
May the the *Omen* of his *Fortune* be,
And his *Arms* at Land succeed as those at *Sea*!
Resolved *Ruffel* storms her lofty sides,
Humbles the vaunting *Motto* of her pride,
All heat, all indignation, peals of Fire
Break from his roaring tyres, the affrighted Air
Trembling and wounded, to the *French Coast* flies,
And Eccho's out their *Navy's* Obsequies.

Tourvill, with warmth not seen in *French* before
Receives the broad-sides which our Cannons poure,
He all his *Force*, and all his *Skill* apply'd
To keep Victorious *Ruffel* from his side,
But all in vain, *Englands* Brave *Admiral* knew
The *Oceans* *Soverainty* was *Englands* due;
Close to the *Monseurs* fiery sides he bore,
And with fresh Thunder *Storms* him o're and o're;
Their Murthering Ball thick as their hail shot flew,
And ev'ry broad-side doth their rage renew;
With Fire *Brittania* clouds the *Rising Sun*,
And in flaming Circles on his *Orb* doth run,
Arm-yard to Arm-yard closely they Engage,
And in loud-roaring volleys tell their Rage;
Ne're on the *Sea* was greater bravery shewn,
Nor Honours prize with greater *Glory* won.

After *Five Hours* dispute in Smoaky Clouds,
 Storming of *Hulls*, Rending of *Sinwey Shrouds*,
 With all the Horrid pomp a *Naval* Fight
 Could e're present, or Scaly Squadrons 'fright;
 The *Rising Sun* sinks in the Watry deep,
 And his *Shining Glories* in her *Waves* doth steep.
 Th' *Immortal Palme* You Mighty Sir have won,
 And have *Eclipt* proud *Lewis's* Rising *Sun*.

So have I seen in a disturbed Air
 Two Sable Clouds meeting from Regions far,
 Grown big with Tempests, at each other Flash,
 'Till their loud Storms have made Heav'ns vault to crash,
 Their Fires meet, and *Combat* in the Sky,
 And *Bellow* out their *Thunders* from on High,
 Disgorging Flame, as if the Globe they'd burn,
 And *Earths Foundations* into Ashes turn;
 Their *Sulph'rous Store* being spent, they melt in showers,
 And Rapid Torrents from the Mountains poure:
 In *Lightning* they begin, in *Rain* Expire,
 And *Neptunes Flood* Extinquisht *Vulcans* Fire.
 Nor did your *Captains* little *Bravery* shew,
 They signalliz'd their Courage on the foe,
 Your great Example did their Spirits Raise;
 Each Fought for, and deserv'd a Conquerers Bays.
 Your Master, on the Land, his Troops Inspires,
 At Sea You Animate with your Martial Fires.
 Three mighty Ships into the Air were blown,
 Monfieurs flew *capering* up, came *tumbling* down:
 The rest o'th' shatter'd Fleet make to *La-Hogue*,
 And seek *Protection* from *St. Patrick's Brogue*;

Lillie-Boliero's, who their *Country* lost,
 Were now made *Guardians* of the *Norman Coast*,
 These saw their *Burning Squadrons* in the *Bay*,
 On their own *Coasts* their *Ships* became our prey.

Boast not of *Mons*, by *Treacherous Priests* betray'd;
 Nor *Namur* which the *Floods* thy *Captive* made!
 Whilst *Heav'n* with faint *Te Deums* *Lewis* mocks,
 And with *False Tryumphs* buoys his senceless *Stocks*,
 On his own *Shoar* his *Flaming Flota* lies,
 To the *English Admiral* a *Sacrifice* :
 Brave *Russe!* scorns his *Glorious King* to greet
 With a less *Bonfire* than the *Gallic Fleet*.

Methinks I see the *King* of the great *Deep*
 With all his *Trytons* *Halcyon* Revels keep,
 Glad their *Right Lords* Resume their *Ancient sway* ;
 Swearing *Allegiance* to *Brittannia*.
 The *Syrens* our *Brittania's* *Tryumphs* sing,
 And in *Shells* of *Pearl* Quaf *Healts* to *Brittains King*,
 The joyful *Sea Gods* pledge the *Bumper round*,
 And with shril whistles make the *Sea* resound.
 Stave a *French-prize*, quoth *Neptune*, and *Advance*
 A *Health* to *England* in the *Wine* of *France* ;
 That *Conqu'ring Herce* shall their *Topails* *Lower*,
 And *Tributary France* shall own his *Power* ;
Annals to come shall with his *Conquests* swell,
Turky, and *India* shall his *Tryumphs* tell.
 To the *Levant*, and *Utmost East* then *Fly*,
 And tell each *Port* this *Glorious Victory*,
 This said they all *Obey'd*.

But more *substantial Votes* attend *your* raise,
Cæsar, the *Senate*, and the *City* raise
 Eternal *Trophies* to their *Admirals* Name,
 Shall equalize the longest date of Fame.
 So the *Old Romans*, when their *Generals* prove,
 By brave *Exploits*, worthy their *Country's* love;
 Raise *Obelisks*, and *Statues* to make known
 The *Victories*, and *Battels* they had won.

When future *Parliaments* shall come to Note
 In their Records our *August Senates* Vote;
 With what *Unanimous consent* they own
 The *Courage*, *Conduct*, *Faith* your zeal hath shewn:
 Restor'd its former *Glory* to our *Isle*,
 And of a *Navy* made a *Funeral Pile*;
 This in times *Callendar* shall far surpass
 The *Roman Marble*, or *Corinthian Brass*.
 'Tis *Englands Thanks* that are acknowledg'd due
 By her great *Representatives* to you!
 May no *Invidious Vermine* ever tear
 That sacred *Vellum*, let it always bear
 To future times the *Mighty things* you've done,
 And an *obliged Kingdoms* praise have won.
 May *pale* and *Trecherous Envy* ever hide
 Her *guilty head*; whilst still each flowing Tyde
 Shall waft fresh *Tryumphs* to great *Russel's* Name,
 And far as th' *Ocean Rows* your *high desert* Proclaim.

Licensed according to Order, E. Bohun.



ADVERTISEMENT.

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